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LET'S GET ACQUAINTED

—BY—

FLORA CLARK GARDNER.



PRICE 35 CENTS

Eldridge Entertainment House

Franklin, Ohio

and

Denver, Colo.

944 So. Logan Street

Money-Making Entertainment Novelties for Church, School or Lodge

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A "talking doll" missionary play by Dorothy Crichton. A lot of fun and some wholesome lessons are contained in the conversation of the dolls who discuss the motives of their donors. Splendid for Young People's or Missionary Societies. 10 girls, 1 boy, or all girls. Time, 20 minutes. Price, 15c.

Finding the Key

A dialog and drill for 10 or 12 girls and boys. Suitable for any religious program, but especially for Easter. Time, 20 minutes. Deals with problems of youth, recreations, etc.; also with those of Community Life and the present spirit of Unrest. Interspersed with suggested songs. Drill very effective. 25c.

Eldridge Entertainment House

FRANKLIN, OHIO

also

DENVER, COLO.
944 S. Logan St.

✓ Let's Get Acquainted ✓

A play in four acts, suitable for Community or Farm Bureau Organizations. Time, present; simple scenery; 1½ to 2½ hours.



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ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE

FRANKLIN, OHIO

DENVER, COLO.

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Cast of Characters

David Jones, well-to-do farmer, age about 50
Mrs. David Jones, his wife, age about 48
John Smith, well-to-do farmer about 50
Mrs. John Smith, his wife, about 45
Squire Perkins, country store keeper, middle-aged.
Mrs. Perkins, his wife, who helps in the store
Buster, their son, age about 11
Deacon Sanders, age about 55; widower, recent
comer to the vicinity, rich and prosperous farmer
Lucile Sanders, his daughter, young, pretty and
clever. Keeps house for her father.
Rufus Brown, colored; the deacon's handy man,
chauffeur, etc.
Thomas McGuire, elderly man, almost deaf
Mary McGuire, his spinster daughter
Jim Bang, poor managing, hard-up farmer
Mrs. Bang, his wife
Paddy O'Brien, witty Irish young man; Jones' farm
hand
Hiram Skinner, miserly knocker
Widow Jolley, charming, good-natured widow, whom
Deacon Sanders admires
With six or more characters to represent Coon
Creek Division in Act 3; number, age and sex left to the
option of director.

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Costumes

David Jones: overalls and straw hat in Acts 1 and 4; well dressed in Acts 2 and 3.

Mrs. Jones: long gingham dress and apron in Acts 1 and 4; well-dressed in Acts 2 and 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith: dressed similar to the Jones's.

Squire Perkins: store apron, "flour cap" in Acts 1 and 4; well dressed in Acts 2 and 3.

Mrs. Perkins: store apron, pencil in hair; well dressed in Acts 2 and 3.

Buster: everyday overalls, "flour cap" in Acts 1 and 4; well dressed in Acts 2 and 3.

Deacon Sanders: good clothes, auto cap and gloves; rich, prosperous look.

Lucile Sanders: neat, tasty gingham dress in Acts 1 and 4; good clothes in Acts 2 and 3.

Rufus Brown: long linen coat, auto cap and gloves.

Thomas McGuire: white hair, stooped shoulders, carries a cane; well dressed in Acts 2 and 3.

Mary McGuire: clean dress, apron and sunbonnet; carries basket; well dressed in Acts 2 and 3.

Jim Bang: clothes rather soiled, ragged, old hat; ill-fitting finery in Acts 2 and 3.

Mrs. Bang: soiled clothes, in Acts 1 and 4; ill-fitting finery in Acts 2 and 3.

Paddy O'Brien: clean overalls, big hat, green tie, red hair, in Acts 1 and 4;

H. Skinner: old overalls, patched or ragged; old hat, in Acts 1 and 4; poorly dressed in Acts 2 and 3.

Widow Jolley: well-dressed, white collar, in Acts 1 and 4; clothes charming and suitable in Acts 2 and 3.

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Synopsis for Program

ACT I.—Place: Middle West. Scene: Country Store in Harmony Dell Neighborhood.

ACT II.—Time: Wednesday evening following the Saturday P. M. in Act I. Scene: Home of Farmer David Jones.

ACT III.—Time: Two months later. Scene: Community Hall, where program is given by the Coon Creek Division of the Farmers' Community Organization.

ACT IV.—Time: About six weeks later. Scene: Same country store, now owned by the community, and managed by the efficient, experienced local "store man" Squire Perkins.

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Let's Get Acquainted

ACT I.

(Squire Perkins' general store. Squire and Mrs. P. behind counter. Enter Jones.)

Squire—Howdy, Jones, howdy?

Jones—How do you do, Squire? How do you do, Mrs. Perkins.

Squire—Something today, Jones?

Jones—Nope, I just thought I'd drop in, as it's getting along about time for the train to come through.

Squire—Yes, if it's on time. 'Twere a little bit late yesterday.

(Enter Smith.)

Squire—How de do, Smith? How de do? Something?

Smith—Yes. Squire, got any of them auto casings in yet?

Squire—Yes, jest got 'em in last evening. Come purty high now, when you have to buy 'em in small lots like I have to. I often think if you fellows 'round here would pull together a little better, you could save money on a good many things a good many times, and it would be more encouragement for your humble servant to stay in business in this neighborhood. What 'come of that Community Organization you'se talkin' around here all last spring and summer?

Jones—Oh, we're still meeting once a month down at the school house. Getting along pretty good for a start, I guess. All big things move slow you know.

Smith—There's too many fellows pulling different ways to get very far on anything.

(Enter Jim Bang.)

Bang—How much you chargin' fer oatmeal today?

Squire—Thirty-five cents.

Bang—Aw, that's too high. I can get it in Chicawgo fer twenty-nine and a half. *(Laughter.)*

Squire—Yes, but Bang, time you pay your postage both ways, to say nothin' of letter paper, 'twill amount up to ten or twelve cents more, and that brings your twenty-nine and a half cents up to about forty cents, five cents more'n' I'm askin' you. *(All nod and smile.)*

(Enter Skinner.)

Skinner—Well, there's this about bein' a farmer; you can raise about all you need to eat, yourself. But then, Gosh blame it, the stuff's worth so much money it seems rank extravagance to eat it up.

Bang—Tell you what us farmers ought to do: jest order our own supplies, then I'll bet you prices 'round here would come tumbling down some.

Jones—Well, but Bang, we might do that on a few things, like flour and sugar, and such like, and pretty soon our little store here'd leave and then where'd we be when it comes to the hundred and one little necessities we need and the many conveniences we have by havin' this wide-awake little store here? Tell you, it's just like killing out hazel brush. You ain't going to get anywhere, long as you keep cutting the tops off. Get at the **roots, I tell you! Whack at the roots!** My idee ain't to buck the local merchant. Us and him ought to get a little understanding of each other, we need each other, and both of us ought to stand together and whack at the **roots of this here affair.**

Squire—I've been thinking, Jones 'stead of some of our folks buying their supplies up at the city, some buyin' over at the junction, and some sendin' to Hangem & Skinnem, and some wantin' your Community Organiza-

tion to order, some of you buying here, why don't your Community folks stick together, get big orders from one concern or another, use me as your humble servant to take orders, and carry on your work around here, use my store and storage house as yours, build your own elevator. As No. 79 and No. 6 both stop here every day, there's lots of possibilities 'round here, for better business and a better living for you and me, too.

Jones—I've thought of something similar to that, several times, myself.

(Enter Paddy O'Brien.)

Smith—So have I. You're meaning, Squire, for the community to own the buildings, hire you to do the ordering, book work and see that things are kept running straight, around here, or how?

Squire—Yes, something on that plan.

Jones—Tell you, gentlemen, my views on this matter are like the Squire said. None of us is going to get anywhere as long as we keep pulling in different directions; 'nother thing is, we don't want to put the Squire out of business here. He's a mighty fine fellow to have in our midst; he's a local fellow, not a big-bug who makes a swell living and wears diamonds and lets us pay for 'em; no, siree, we want to keep the Squire right here at his post. If he's willing and the community wants to buy his buildings and fixtures, that's all right; his experience would be worth a heap to the community, too, and it sure ain't our idee to put him out of business.

Squire—Well, you fellows talk this over, and surely we can make some arrangements to suit you and me, too, and we'd all be better by it.

Jones and Smith—All right, Squire, we'll do that.

Paddy—Them's my sentiments, too. Get acquainted, more acquainted. Get acquainted with your neighbors. You might like 'em. *(Laughter.)*

Squire—I see you got rid of that old blind mule, Paddy.

Paddy—Shure an' I did.

Smith—You swindled that guy in the deal, too, don't it weigh on your conscience?

Paddy—Don't it weigh on my conscience?

Smith—Yes, weigh on your conscience.

Paddy—Shure an' I've had that old mule on my hands and mind so long 'twill be a relief to get it on my conscience. (*All laugh.*)

Jones—Paddy and me's feeling pretty good. Them hogs he's been feedin' for me, we sold through the Shipping Association last week, and they topped the market.

Squire—Fine. Suppose you fed them that good corn you raised last summer, Paddy. Did you use it ground or mixed, or feed 'em corn in the ear?

Paddy—Shure, an' I didn't feed 'em corn in the ear; I put it in the trough where it belongs. (*All laugh.*)

Squire—But say! how about this new idea, raising hogs quicker with tankage and shorts?

Paddy—Nothin' to it. If you want to raise a hog real quick, get a derrick. (*All laugh heartily.*)

(*Enter McGuire, coughing.*)

All—How do you do, Mr. McGuire?

McGuire—How de do, folks? How de do?

Jones—See you have a cold.

McGuire—Me? Why, no, I'm not cold. I'm not cold.

Jones—I see you got a cold. (*speaking loudly.*)

Mc.—Old? No, not very old, coming sixty-three, (*waves cane*) spry as a cricket, though. Got a grand-father still a-living, I have.

Jones—(*loudly*) On your father's or mother's side?

Mc.—On my father's or mother's side? Oh, he varies, sir. He sticks up for both of them. Believes in being neutral, you see. (*Laughter.*)

Bang—We've had some damp, chillin' weather this last week, but this's been a scorcher of a day. (*Loudly, to Mc.*) Didn't need any stove up today.

Mc.—Stoved up? Me stoved up?

Bang—No, I said we didn't *need* a stove up.

Mc.—(*hobbles around, waves cane*) Stoved up! Stoved up! Well I may be a wee bit stoved up, I'm spry as a cricket, though, I tell you.

Bang—Here comes that fellow, Sanders, that moved in in the spring, he don't seem to give a heck for society.

Smith—Who? the deacon? Why, he attends our Farm Community meetings and church regular. What makes you think he don't give a heck for society?

Bang—Why, many's the time he misses a hull two weeks without comin' down to see the train in once.

Squire—The Deacon's a mighty fine fellow. Got a mighty fine daughter, too. Don't you say so, Paddy O'Brien?

Paddy—You shure said it—just my style.

“Some belles have appealing beauty, of a kind that knows no flaw;

But the belle that's worth the ringing, peels potatoes for her pa.”

Skinner—(*teasingly*) Now, Paddy, don't you get to day-dreaming around too much. That young Van Weeber, from the city's got a shine on Lucile, too. An' say! talk about style. Don't it strike you as awful the way the girls are showin' their ankles, now-a-days?

Mc.—(*puts hand to ear*) Ankles?

Skinner—Yes, ankles. Wearing them short skirts, you know.

Mc.—Ankles! (*waves cane*) Granny! They're going out of style, now it's *knees*!

(*Enter Deacon Sanders, drawing off auto gloves.*)

All—How do you do, Deacon Sanders?

Deacon—(*politely*) How do you do? Squire, have you any razor blades in?

Squire—You bet. More than I want. How many can I sell you?

Deacon—Oh, a couple of packages will be all right.

Smith—What do you think of that barber that was here a couple of months in the spring, Deacon?

Deacon—What did I think of him?

Smith—Yes, what did you think of him? Wasn't he an absent-minded fellow?

Deacon—(smilingly) *Absent-minded?* He surely was. Why the last time I went to get shaved he pinned a paper around my neck and gave me a towel to read.

(Everyone laughs heartily)

Deacon—Say, how are you off for sugar today, Squire?

Squire—Oh, I got in three barrels the other day. How much do you want, Deacon?

Deacon—Guess I'll take a barrel of it. I'll send my man Ras, over for it in a little while.

Squire—All right, Deacon.

Deacon—All right, Squire. Good day. Good day, gentlemen. (Exit.)

Skinner—(picking up flimsy nic-nac) What's the use of this article, Squire?

Squire—Don't know, lest it was intended for a Christmas present. (Laughter.)

(Enter Buster Perkins, running, much out of breath.)

Squire—Hey, here, son! What are you running in here like that, for?

Buster—I'm trying to keep two fellows from fighting, Pa.

Squire—Why son, who are the two fellows

Buster—Billy Johnson and me! (All laugh.)

Squire—You stay right here, now, Buster.

Mrs. Perkins—(to Paddy) Don't you think Buster looks like his papa?

Paddy—Yes, but I don't think that's what's the matter with him. (*laughter.*)

(*Enter Lucile. Paddy straightens up, adjusts cap, and smiles at her.*)

All—How do you do, Lucile?

Lucile—(*breezily*) Hello, everybody. (*shyly*) How do you do, Mr. O'Brien?

Paddy—How's *everything* getting along up at your house, Lucile?

Lucile—Oh, I'm getting along all right. (*all smile*) Weren't you surprised to hear about my horse running away with me, the other day?

Paddy—Not a bit of it. I'd do the same thing myself, if I had the chance. (*laughter.*)

Lucile—(*innocently, to Squire*) Squire Perkins, that flour you sold us the other day was tough.

Squire—Tough? (*in surprise.*)

Lucile—Yes, tough.

Squire—(*doesn't understand. Scratches head*) You say the flour was tough

Lucile—Yes, it was awful tough. Why I, myself, made Daddy some pie with it, and he could hardly cut it. (*Enter Mary McGuire*) Why, here's Mary McGuire. Hello, Mary, how are you?

Mary—Sure, an' I'm fine as the hair on your pretty head but me brother-in-law, Jimmy Dugan, over in Rushville's a moighty sick man. And Oi keep thinkin' of'm all the while.

Lucile—Well, that's too bad, Mary.

Mary—He's now got one foot in the grave, but the doctors all say he's good for a year yet.

Lucile—Is that so? And how is that?

Mary—Shure an' they've had four doctors, an' each of'm give him three months to live.

Lucile—It's too bad, Mary, but how are your sister and the children?

Mary—Shure, they're fine and the children's all well an' Michael growin' so. You just ought to see him, iverybody thinkin' he's older than what he is.

Lucile—Is that so?

Mary—That's the livin' truth, and he shure does look older than what he is—but then he ain't. (*All smile*)

(*Enter Ras.*)

Squire—Howdy, Ras. The sugar's right back here.

(*Exeunt Squire and Ras, through back door. Squire returns. Enter Mrs. Bang.*)

Mrs. P.—Something today, Mrs. Bang?

Mrs. Bang—I want a spool of cotton thread. Charge it, please. (*Gets thread. Exit.*)

(*Enter Widow J., smiling and bright.*)

Mrs. P.—Why here's Widow Jolley! How do you do, Mrs. Jolley? Do you always keep so sunny and cheerful?

Widow—Me sunny and cheerful?

Mrs. P.—Yes, you always seem sunny and cheerful. How do you do it?

Widow—(*laughs*) Why, don't you know that a woman can have a good time, thinking what a good time she would have if she were having it? (*All laugh.*)

(*Enter Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith, talking to each other. Appear near front of stage.*)

Mrs. Jones—Yes, it will be all right with me, Mrs. Smith, to have *our* division of the Community Organization meet with me on Wednesday evening. I hope it's nice weather, and everyone can come out. We've been having such good, neighborly times, all spring and summer.

Mrs. Smith—Yes, it's just what we farm folks need—to get together more, and have more good times together.

Paddy—Them's my sentiments. Let's get acquainted. (*Looks at Lucile.*) *More* acquainted.

Mrs. S.—Yes, I've often said when you do something

IN and FOR your community it makes you love it.

Mrs. J.—And when we *do* do something worth while for our community, we are better off for it and so is the community.

Mrs. S.—Yes, these merry social times we have at our club meeting, liven us up and keep us young with our children—keep us from growing hard and having critical feelings toward each other.

Mrs. J.—Yes, many's the time we'd be more sympathetic and helpful to others, if we only understood them better—knew the trials and temptations that were theirs, and the burdens they were carrying on their shoulders. (*To all.*) Yes, I hope it's a nice evening, and you can all come over Wednesday evening. We're going to have a social good time and get better acquainted.

Paddy—Them's my sentiments—Let's get acquainted. (*Looks at Lucile.*) Get better acquainted.

CURTAIN



ACT II.

(*Living room of Farmer Jones' home. Mr. and Mrs. Jones discovered welcoming guests. Shaking hands and greeting all cordially.*)

Mrs. J.—Just let me take your hats folks, and everybody find chairs. (*Lays wraps on stand in same room; all are seated; nod to each other.*)

Mrs. J.—(*continuing*) I'm so glad to see all of you. Guess about everyone's here, too; so we may as well begin our frolic and fun right away. What do you all say?

All—Yes, let's do. All right. Yes, we're ready. (*etc.*)

Mrs. J.—(*showing program for evening's entertainment, which is written on heavy paper, about 10"x12"*) Folks, here's our program. Lucile will explain the games.

Lucile—The first thing we have planned for you to do is for everybody to greet everybody here tonight. Shake hands with a "How do you do." Our game is "Candy, candy, who has the candy?" Someone has in their possession a box of candy, and is going to count all who shake hands with them, the fifteenth person who shakes hands with the holder gets the candy. (*All enter game enthusiastically, laughing, shaking hands, back and forth.*)

Mary—Here's number fifteen—and here's your candy.

(*Winner passes it around. All laugh and are seated.*)

Lucile—Next is "Who wants a date?"

Mary—Shure, I can tell you—it's Paddy O'Brien. (*All laugh.*)

Paddy—How about yourself, Mary McGuire?

Mary—Oh, go 'long wid ye, Paddy O'Brien. Shure, the mon Oi'd have niver's been born yit, and his mother's dead. (*Laughter.*)

Lucile—We have here some strings for this game. In the middle of each is a date, each with a string, is given to two persons. They must not use their hands,—just their mouths, and whoever gets to the date first, gets it.

Smith—What do you say, Deacon, let's you and me try that.

Deacon—All right, here we go. (*They step to the front of stage and each tries to get it. All laugh and enjoy the game.*)

Squire—I'd like to see how much Paddy wants a date.

Widow J.—Yes, and Lucile! (*Laughter.*)

All—Paddy and Lucile! Paddy and Lucile!

Paddy—What do you say, Lucile? Want a date?

Lucile—(*rather shyly*) Oh, I don't know—

All—Go on, Lucile! Yes, Lucile, go on.

Lucile—Well, all right, this time. (*They step to the front and each tries to get the date. Paddy gets it and divides with Lucile. Much laughter.*)

Mary—Paddy, you were so successful I think you ought to sing that song—that club song.

Paddy—Never!

All—Yes, Paddy, let's hear it.

Paddy—I can't sing unless I have a whole brass band to play the air—

All—Oh, yes you can. Let's hear it.

Paddy—Promise me not to run me off and I'll sing it this once. It's my own origin, so have mercy. (*All smile and look at him eagerly. Sing to tune "Little Brown Jug."*)

As I go toiling on my farm,
I think of this club as a perfect charm;
This speedily drives all care away,
Ha, ha, ha! hurrah! hurrah!

Mary—Paddy O'Brien, don't you iver be tellin' me ag'in that you can't sing. Shure, an' I know now.

(*Laughter.*)

Lucile—Next is "Popcorn Festival." Two persons are blindfolded, and each tries to feed the other pop corn. Who is first?

Widow J.—I'd like to see David Jones and John Smith try that.

Mrs. J.—Yes, and we'd like to see the widow and the Deacon. (*Chairs are put toward front of stage for both couples, who feed fiercely. Everybody laughs heartily. When done—*)

Mrs. P.—(*to audience*) I think the widow did her best to feed the deacon well.

Mary—(*aside, toward audience*) Yes, and talk about the deacon makin' a good provider for the widow. He's proved his provision ability right here and now.

Mc.—(laughing) Shure and I've had the laugh of me life this night. (*Laughs again and wipes eyes*) I'm shure not feelin' old, I tell you, I'm just as spry as a cricket. (*Waves cane and laughs.*)

Mrs. J.—Well, as it's getting late, we'll have a little treat, and then our regular business. (*Passes fresh fruit, popcorn balls or anything preferred. As treat is being passed and eaten everyone talks and laughs, then*)

Jones—(to Squire) I hear Josh Weather's had a run-away the other day.

Squire—Yes, 'twas too bad.

Jones—Queer how horses will get so scared of automobiles.

Squire—Queer?

Jones—Yes, queer.

Squire—I don't think it's queer. What would you think if you saw my pants and coat come walkin' down the road with nothin' in them? (*Laughter.*)

Lucile—Poor things! I just love horses.

Paddy—(leaning forward) Did you say you loved them?

Lucile—Yes, I just love horses.

Paddy—How glad I am. Perhaps you've noticed (*clears throat*) I'm a little hoarse. (*heartly laughter.*)

Lucile—(disgusted) Oh, Paddy, hush!

Mrs. J.—I guess we are ready for the business meeting, now, Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. S.—All right. If all will now come to order, we'll have the reading of the minutes of the last meeting by our secretary.

Paddy—(as secretary) Harmony Dell Club of The Farmers' Community Organization, met at Deacon Sanders' home on June 3rd. Music and games helped all to spend a very pleasant evening. At this meeting the men signed up for 200 lbs. of salt, also agreed to order 500 lbs. of twine. Harmony Dell Division went on rec-

ord favoring reduction of high salaries. Motion made by Deacon Sanders to go fishing on Tuesday, (*all laugh*) providing enough fish-worms could be found to bait the hooks. Motion made to have this an all-day meeting, and everyone come and have Deacon Sanders cook the fish for dinner. Motion carried. Motion made and carried for adjournment. (*All laugh.*)

Mrs. J.—I'd like to remind you of the three-day cooking and canning school, next Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. We're hoping all the women and girls can attend. This instruction is free to Community members.

Mrs. S.—And you know, we talked about the house-keepers of this club purchasing 4 yards of white oilcloth for our threshing time table cloths, and send it each place the threshing crew eats. 'Twill save about ten of us washing and ironing our linen ones, and Squire Perkins says we may have the four yards for \$1.40, which will be about 14 cents each, and who wouldn't give 14 cents rather than wash and iron those big threshing time table cloths? Then, too, the women of this club are going to plan our threshing meals together this year. The last day of our cooking school next week, we are going to plan our big meals and compare plans together, so that the men will get a change of food every day and altogether get the usual variety; and instead of the old way of every woman serving five kinds of cake, seven kinds of pie, 14 kinds of pickles, and 57 varieties of everything else, and then dread threshing time, and be dead tired when her meal is over, we're going to plan together to have just as good meals with lots less work, and be ready to greet harvest time with a smile.

Deacon—I think this is a splendid idea you women folks have.

Paddy—It sure is.

All Women—Yes, we like it. (*All rise and prepare to go, get own hats, etc.*)

Mrs. J.—I'm so glad you all came this evening.

All—(saying various things) We've had a fine time. Glad we came, too. Had such a good time, etc

Mr. and Mrs. J.—(as all leave) Come again. Good night. Good night.

CURTAIN



ACT III.

(Curtain opens on all assembled at the hall or the school house, ready to hear the evening's entertainment and Community business meeting.)

*Pres. Jones—*We'll now hear the minutes of our last meeting.

*Secretary Mrs. Smith—*Minutes of previous meeting of Elder County Farmers' Community Organization. Meeting called to order by President Jones. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. Motion made and carried that this Community Organization purchase a new threshing outfit this fall. Motion made that we secure Squire Perkins' store buildings and store houses and rebuild the elevator for our farm community needs. Also, the supervision of Squire Perkins as manager of same. Carried. Adjournment motion made and carried. Sarah Smith, Secretary.

*Pres. Jones—*We now will have the program by the Coon Creek Division.

(Song by all)

BOOSTER SONG

(Tune, "Red White and Blue")

Oh, here's to our brave, sturdy farmer
The staff of our nation is he.
His life's very busy and happy,
From envy, hate and malice how free.

He's a hustler from morning till ev'ning,
And does something worth while every day.
Oh, the farmer, the farmer, forever,
Three cheers for the farmer, we say.

Chorus:

Three cheers for the farmer, we say.
They do something worth while every day.
Oh, our farmers, our farmers forever,
Three cheers for our farmers, we say,

Yes, here's to our brave, sturdy farmers,
Who have for their watchword, progress.
For bumper crops they're charmers,
Whate'er they tackle sure to be success.
Just to be sure they'll be up and doing
And boost for everything that's best,
Our farmers, our farmers, forever,
Take the lead, measure fine, every test.

Chorus:

HOME DEPARTMENT SONG

(Tune, "Old Black Joe")

Gone are the days,
When we blindly worked like slaves,
Our house work to do,
Home makers' tasks all, too.
But now, through our state,
There is offered us much aid.
If we get busy, try our best
New ways to do.

Chorus:

We're trying, we're trying,
Better ways our work to do.
Our Home Department meetings
Surely help us, too.

Home makers agree
Our calling's best on earth.
This world's destiny
Is cuddled at our hearth.
So, for better homes
We're going to work and plan
For better homes and farm folks
We united stand.

Chorus:

DEDICATION SONG

(Tune, "Yankee Doodle")

Once on a time there was a man,
He was a first-rate farmer;
He searched his pocket for a five,
Then gave it like a charmer.
That bought this hall and store, it did,
By working all together,
Ours to have and to enjoy
In every kind of weather.

When folks are trying, let's just try,
Do all we can around here,
Just put our shoulders to the wheel,
Or we, alone, will flounder.
Can we do more that really helps?
What think you, right out yonder?
We want to make in every way
Farm life safer and sounder.

We've all enjoyed past meetings here,
And hope to in the future.
Much good we learn, while here each time;
Enjoy ourselves? We do, sure!
We're glad this place can be called ours,
Now let's all boost together.
Ours to have and to enjoy
In every kind of weather.

(Any number of recitations, speeches, musical numbers, dialogs, etc., may be used left to option of director.)

(Business meeting held when program ends. Everyone is enthusiastic)

Pres. Jones—I think we owe a vote of thanks to the Coon Creek Division for this good program this evening. *(All clap hands.)* The Hickory Grove Division will put on our next program. *(All cheer.)* Are there any reports of committees or unfinished business this evening?

Deacon—I make a motion that a committee be appointed to secure a short course or training school for this organization this winter. This course to include instruction in both agriculture and domestic science.

Paddy—I second the motion.

Pres. Jones—All in favor raise the right hand. Contrary, the same. Carried. I appoint Deacon Sanders, John Smith and Mrs. Perkins on this committee. Any other business? *(Waits.)* If none, we'll adjourn.

(All rise, laugh, and are very enthusiastic.)

CURTAIN



ACT IV.

(Same country store, now owned by community and managed by the efficient, experienced, local store man, Squire Perkins. Time, about six weeks later than in Act III. In the store are Squire and Mrs. P., and Buster, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Bang, Skinner and Ras.)

Jones—This new plan of us and our local merchant working together is working out pretty good, isn't it?

Squire—We're all coming out better by it too.

Smith—It's taken considerable work and planning to get it all to going good, but everybody's took a-hold

good and give liberally of their time, ideas, and money, and we've pulled together *well* it seems to me.

Mrs. Smith—It surely is true that sitting down, complaining that the real community spirit is a thing of the past isn't the way to bring it back. And usually the happiest people in the neighborhood are the ones who try to make others happy, too, and when things do look dull, we've got to be courageous enough to stand alone, and not wait to be backed up by all the crowd; because we may not see it at first, but almost always there's opportunities hiding behind the difficulties, and it pays to hunt them out.

Ras—Josh Weathers says he calculates that he'll done make so well by dis dat his wust trouble in makin' out his income tax will be his conscience. (*laughter.*)

Squire—Oh, I wouldn't pay too much attention to Josh Weathers' joshin'.

Ras—Josh Weathers' tongue am like a chauffeur.

Smith—How is that?

Ras—Always on de run and sometimes runs folks down. (*Slaps knee and laughs.*)

Jones—Tell you what, Josh may not be as big a fool as he'd make you think he is.

Ras—If dat am de case he's got lots to be thankful for den. (*Laughs.*)

Jones—Ras, your talk around here don't have any more effect than a flea bite.

Ras—(*scratching head*) A flea bit?

Jones—Yes, your talk don't have any more effect on folks than a flea bite.

Ras—I done knows dat, but like de flea bite, it keeps folks scratchin' anyhow. (*Ras laughs heartily. Others laugh, too.*)

Mc.—(*looking up from paper*) I see, Ras, that down in Africa, a man can buy a wife for \$4.00.

Ras—Four dollars! Boy, alive! If a man had dat much money, he wouldn't need no wife. (*Laughter.*)

Smith—I thought, Ras, you was going to marry that Dinah girl, last summer.

Ras—Well, I was, but she done flunked de las' minute, wouldn't give me de money for to git de license wid.

Smith—Well, but Ras, do you suppose you'd make a good provider?

Ras—I jes' ain't nothin' else but a good providin' man, sir. I'd git her some mighty swell furniture, providin' I had de money, and I'se sure to git de money providin' I sticks to work, and I'se sure to stick to work providin' de job suits me. You never saw a more providin' man in all your days. (*All laugh.*)

Jones—Say, they tell me that the deacon lost his fine Airedale dog. How did it happen, Ras?

Ras—He done swallowed de tape measure, sir.

Jones—(*jokingly*) I suppose he died by inches then.

Ras—No, sir, he done went back of de house, an' died by de yard, sir, died by de yard. (*Laughter.*)

Ras—Well, I thinks I'd better be gwine 'long. Let me see—(*scratches his head*)—what war it all de deacon and Miss Lucile tol' me for to git. (*Gets list and reads.*) A bottle of lineament, a pound of tea, a box of carpet tacks, a dozen lamp wicks, a new fire shovel. Aw, I don't need any writ out list, I members it so well. (*Counting on fingers*) A dozen carpet tacks, a pound of lineament, a sack of fire shovels, no I done got that gom-fuzzled—a dozen fire shovels, a new carpet tack, a bottle of tea, a sack of lineament—no, dat ain't it, tall. Whar am dat list 'gain? (*Finds list again and reads*) a bottle of lineament, a pound of tea, a box of carpet tacks, a dozen lamp wicks, an' a new fire shovel. Dat am de way. I done knowed I'd git it right. You can jes' 'pend on your Uncle Rastus ever time. (*Gets packages and leaves the store.*)

(*Enter Mary McGuire and her father, Thomas McGuire.*)

Mary—I've six dozen eggs in my basket, Squire,

and I'll take it up in sugar. (*Sets basket on counter. Mc. begins coughing hard.*)

Smith—I see you have your cold, yet. What are you taking for it?

Mc.—(*smiling*) Oh, I ain't decided yet how much I'll take. Gonna make me an offer?

Smith—Not unless it's advice. (*Laughs.*) Here's a new one on the summary of life: man's life is summed up in three words (*counts on fingers.*) Hatched, matched, dispatched. (*All laugh.*)

Jones—Say. Those fellows over in Coon Creek Division had a "Silo Circle" formed this fall on those silos they put up over there, ordering together and they saved \$5 a thousand on lumber and got a rebate on nails and cement.

Squire—Yes and over in Turkey Run Division, they're going to have a crow hunt the 15th of this month. They say there's a lot of hog cholera across the river and south, and that crows are a sure carrier of that disease.

Jones—Yes, and over in Riverview Division, they're going to have a corn show this fall. Fine idea, too.

Mrs. Smith—How does everyone like the suggestion boxes—the one on the store door, here, and the one on the Community Hall door?

All—Oh, they're all right. Just fine.

Mrs. Jones—At our Home Department meetings, we are getting the pad and pencil habit started and going well. Every woman is urged to bring her pencil and paper and there she jots down formulas, plans, measurements, requirements and the many, many things well worth remembering and putting into practice when she gets home.

All—That's a fine idea, too.

Squire—Say. I tell you I like this new store-keeping plan. I handle twice the orders I used to, have less worry and get more out of it, too.

Jones—What I like about as well as anything is our

elevator and storage house. We can haul our stuff in, when the roads are good or when we have the most time, or whenever we please, and as it's a big job looking after this end of the affair, we're mighty lucky to have as efficient, experienced a man as our Squire Perkins here.

Mrs. Smith—I think we've all enjoyed being together more, and working together more. We get more work done, too. And we get more out of life in a social way. The more we put into life the more we get out of it. And folks get along better when they're acquainted, you know.

Mrs. P.—Here comes Deacon Sanders and Widow Jolley in the deacon's new car!

Mary—I think before the winter's over we'll think the deacon and the widow's got about as much good out of getting better acquainted, as anyone. Wedding bells will be ringing there some of these days—you just see.

All—Oh, do you suppose?

Jim Bang—'Nother good thing —this community workin' 'round here's done. It's woke a lot of us up and we've found out there's a whole lot more to farming when we get a little better management about it.

Mrs. Bang—Yes, what Jim an' the rest of you said is very true. And I've found out I can make our hard-earned dollars go farther since I've been to some of these cooking and sewing demonstrations.

Mc.—It's just this way—long as you *stick together* fer a square deal for everyone, for our homes, our farms and our communities, it's a grand good thing.

(Enter Deacon and Widow, followed by Paddy with Lucile, as Mc. is finishing. All four are very happy.)

Paddy—The best part of this whole thing is I found *Mrs. Paddy O'Brien*. Them always was my sentiments—
LET'S GET ACQUAINTED.

(All laugh, cheer and throw confetti.)

CURTAIN

YOU WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW OF THESE NEW PLAYS

Training Mary

By Mary Shaw Page. A bright 1-act play with simple stage setting. William, husband of Mary, essays to train Mary, especially along the lines of correcting carelessness. As is always the case, William gets in deep water, but finally wades out. 2 males, 4 females, and plays about 45 minutes. Price, 25c.

The Hired Man's Courtship

By Alice Cripps. A short comedy-drama in 2 acts. Captain Edwards tires of wealth and the city, and procures work on Horton's farm, only to find that the farmer's daughter is an old sweetheart. Because of an intrigue on the part of the captain's cousin, an estrangement takes place, which ends happily when the captain finds the source of certain stories and refutes them. Aunt Hepsey, Jim and Ezra (colored), add comedy to the play. Plays about 45 minutes, and is for 3 males and 3 females. Price, 25c.

Merely Anne Marie

A comedy in 3 acts by Beulah King. 3 males, 5 females. Time, 2½ hours. The scenes are laid in a fashionable boarding house, and the characters are all distinct types and worth while. A successful playwright, desiring to escape notoriety, seeks seclusion at Mrs. Teague's and becomes the hero of Anne Marie, the dining room maid. The dialogue is bright, the situations clever and the story ends happily. 35c.

A Bit of Scandal

By Fannie Barnett Linsky. Comedy-drama in 2 acts. Francina, who is to play at the recital, composes her own number. On the evening of the recital, Mary Sherman, who precedes her on the program, plays Francina's compositions, which she has stolen. The reasons for the theft all come out later and of course, all ends well. Nine characters. Plays about 1 hour. Price, 35c.

Miss Burnett Puts One Over

By Ethelyn Sexton. A rollicking 1-act girls' play for 6 characters. Barbara's mother has a friend, Ann Burnett, who is to visit the girls at college, with the intention of giving a generous sum to the school. The girls, wishing to gain her good will, practice their "manners." Miss Burnett, however, appears in disguise and has much fun at their expense. All ends well and the school gets the money. Plays about 45 minutes. Easy setting and costumes. Price, 25c.

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New Juvenile Entertainments

A-B-C-Capers

By Soemple. Here is an attractive and novel number for the Primary Grades or Kindergarten. Little Tim's despair in not being able to master letters is turned to keen interest by the antics of the alphabet troupe. Plays about 20 minutes. Price, 25c.

Emily's Dream

By Mary Frix Kidd. This is the story of a Geography lesson, which, instead of being irksome, was, through the medium of a Good Fairy, made very interesting. This is done by presenting a Geographical Pageant. For a large number of children, who present drills, exercises, etc., in costumes of different nations. Time, about 1 hour. Price, 25c.

The Love Flower

By Bell Elliott Palmer. A very pretty exercise for 6 or 10 girls and 1 boy. Suitable for Children's Day or Easter, and can be given either in or out of doors. Time, 10 minutes. Price, 15c.

The Silver Sandals

By Banche Thompson. This is a charming new play for 6 boys, 5 girls, fairies, peasants, attendants, etc. The Princess is downhearted and refuses to be consoled. The fiddler plays, peasants do folk-dances, fairies drill, but not until she gets the silver sandals is she contented. Plays 1 hour or more. Price, 25c.

When Betty Saw the Pilgrims

By Margaret Howard. A pretty story showing how dissatisfied Betty was cured by her mother, who tells the story of the hardships of the Pilgrims, which is illustrated by ten tableaux. Large numbers of children can be used. Plays about 30 minutes. Price, 25c.

Princess Rosy Cheeks

By Effie Sammond Balph. A "good health" play for children, which is very impressive. Introduces Fresh Air Fairies, Soap and Water Fairies, Tooth Brush Brigade, Food Fairies, Rest Fairies, and others. Good-sized cast required with two older children. Plays about 1 hour. Price, 35c.

Queen Loving Heart

By Jean Ross. A splendid children's play, teaching many good lessons. A pretty story of the crowning of Loving Heart, her capture by the Indians and subsequent release, because of her kindness. Can be used for May Day play. 11 speaking parts, Indians, etc. Plays about 45 minutes. Price, 25c.

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Some Bright New Christmas Material

First Aid to Santa

By Ethel Sexton. A mighty bright playlet for 3 boys, 2 girls and 10 acting dolls (girls and boys). Plays 30 or 40 minutes. Price, 25c.

The Christmas Chain

By Lillian Pearson. A pretty sketch for 14 or more children. The Christmas Angel shows her complete Christmas Chain to two selfish sisters with happy results. Plays about 20 minutes. Price 25c.

How the Christmas Song Was Found

By Lillian Pearson. A simple, but beautiful sketch for any number of children, 12 required. Shows the real spirit of Christmas and tells how the glad Christmas song was found. Time, 20 to 30 minutes. For day schools or church entertainments. Price 25c.

Mr. Richey Changes His Mind

By Lee Owen Snook. Story of a crabbed, wealthy employer and how at Christmas time the memory of his mother changed his attitude toward his employes from that of a "driver" to a considerate comrade. An unexpected romance develops. 4 males, 4 females, and others, either high school or adults. Plays about 20 minutes. Price, 25c.

The Little Stranger

A moving picture Christmas play, by Edna Randolph Worrell. This is really a pantomime, the different scenes being either announced or shown on screen by stereopticon. 4 scenes "The Night Before Christmas Home of Orphan Children," "The Little Stranger at the Door," "The Little Stranger Entertains," "Christmas Morning." A pretty entertainment for any number of children. Plays about 30 minutes. 25c.

Ten Good Christmas Pantomimes

By Ethel Eldridge. A collection that will add novelty and effectiveness to your program. Specific directions for pantomiming some well-known hymns, songs and recitations—"Silent Night," "Little Town of Bethlehem," "When Good Old Kris Comes 'Round," "Favorite Carols," etc. Contains the music also. 40c.

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HALLOWE'EN HILARITY HINTS

Good Things To Keep The Ball Rolling

A Bunch of Stunts for Hallowe'en

A new book of doings, contributed by many wide-awake writers. Covers almost any kind of festival, party or entertainment you wish to give. Drills, games, stunts, decorations, etc. Price, 75c.

The Fairy and the Witch

A 1-act allegorical sketch for Hallowe'en, by A. D. Nelson. 1 adult, male or female, and any number of children. In this very picturesque little play, the Black Witch of Hallowe'en falls under the spell of the White Fairy and superstition gives way to reason. Time, about 20 minutes. Price, 25c.

The Frolic of the Witches

By Juanita Mae Culp. This is a clever little drill especially adapted for Hallowe'en. Introduces flash-lights and brooms, and is for 11 girls. Price, 25c.

Guess Who Song and Drill

Something novel. Price, 25c.

The Haunted Gate

By Edith Wormwood. A clever play for Hallowe'en. The capture of the ghosts furnishes a good climax to the play. 3 males, 7 females. Plays from 30 to 45 minutes. Price, 35c.

Jimmy's Ghosts

By Cecil J. Richmond. A sketch for children. Five speaking parts with chorus of witches. Can easily be given in any school room. Price, 15c.

Scarecrows A-Roaming

An eccentric drill. Price, 25c.

What To Do on Hallowe'en

Compiled by Juanita Mae Culp. This is a really good collection of helpful suggestions for this occasion. Suggestions for decorations, menus, parties, games, stunts, recipes, a play or two, and other good things. Purchasers will find themselves relieved from worry and trouble concerning Hallowe'en. Price, 40c.

Fun With Fortune Telling

Compiled by Mrs. G. L. Henson. Here is a book that will furnish fun and interest for any social gathering. Every one is interested in their "fortune" and this book is arranged to give you pleasure, either individually or as a crowd. Price, 50c.

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New Song-Recitations

HERE is a list of very clever child-impersonations or good encores for children. The lines are by Margaret Fassitt, the music by Anna and Harry C. Eldridge. They will be winners on your program.

Ain't It The Limit?
When You Ask About Your Fixins } Both in
one
number
50c

If Santa Shouldn't Come To Me
I've Been And Had The Measles } Both in
one
number
50c

I Wish I Had A Ginger-cake
Our Twins } Both in
one
number
50c

When Grandpop Was A Boy
When Daddy Took Me Up
In A 'Plane } Both in
one
number
50c

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